THE PANTHEON RUPTURE

OR, A DISPUTE BETWEEN

ELEGANCE and REASON,

WITH THEIR

FINAL SEPARATION.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

PANTHEON EPISTLES;

OR, THE MODERN ART OF

POLITE LETTER-WRITING,

Inscribed to those NOBLE PEERESSES who have the Power of Recommendation.

WOMEN, *like variegated Tulips shew,*
'Tis to their Changes half their Charms they owe.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROSON, No. 54, *St. Martin's-Le-Grand*; and may be had at all the Booksellers in Town and Country.

M,DCC,LXXII.

THE

PANTHEON PUPPETS;

OR, A FREE AND EASY

DIALOGUE and DISSERTATION,

WITH THEIR

FINAL SEPARATION,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

PANTHEON EPISTLES;

OR, THE MODERN ART OF

PUBLICK LETTER-WRITING,

Applied to the Most Noble Personages who have the Power of Recommendation.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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M,DCC,LXXII.

THE PANTHEON RUPTURE, &c.

ELEGANCE.

THE Muſe of *pleaſure* and *refinement* ſings,
And mounts on *diſſipation*'s ſilken wings;
To *Peereſſes*, however, ſhe muſt bend,
Since they alone have power to *recommend*.

REASON.

Whom do they *recommend*?——

ELEGANCE.

——————Juſt whom they pleaſe,
As whim directs them, or their friends may teaſe;
As humour pleads, or as affection ſways,
As kindneſs prompts, or as chicane betrays.

REASON.

But how are *Huſbands* in this female ſtrife?

ELEGANCE.

Each *Huſband* aſks permiſſion of his Wife;
Each *Lord* implores his *Lady* like an aſs,
Or, the *Pantheon* gates he muſt not paſs:
Inſtead of, *Madam, inſtantly obey*;
Men's words are laws, which muſt each female ſway!

Nay,

Nay, Madam, do not frown—nor dare diſpute,
Huſbands o'er Wives are always abſolute.
Inſtead of ſuch harſh terms, 'tis *now my dear,*
At the Pantheon *let your Spouſe appear;*
The place is form'd upon a noble plan,
Do, pray my dear, indulge your own good Man.
Hail mighty heads! who ſuch a plan could draw,
To mar French *codes, and break the* Salique *law.*
The Lady then, pride ſparkling in her eyes,
Pleas'd with the homage, ſmilingly replies,
I will permit that you, *yourſelf* ſhall treat
To *Pleaſure's Paradiſe*, in *Oxford-ſtreet*;
But if ſome Lord, or Duke, ſhould bow to me,
I beg, my love, you will not jealous be:
Indeed it all is innocent;——but then
I am reſpected by the *beſt dreſt Men.*

I glory

I glory to keep on a *virtuous courſe*,
And hate the very name of a *divorce*:
Beſides, the *Managers* admit none in,
That e'er were known to have committed ſin;—
The needy dame, who makes of love a trade,
Theſe *Realms of Virtue* muſt not dare invade;
The company's ſelected from a claſs
Too chaſte to ſuffer *demireps* to paſs;
Virtue alone the company endure;
Virtue alone a ticket can procure;
Virtue alone's the paſſport to the Great,
And quickly ope's each *vice-obſtructing* gate.

REASON.

But, *Elegance*, before more time you waſte,
Inform me, pray, are all thoſe Ladies chaſte?

ELE-

ELEGANCE.

Chaſte! ſurely yes.—The Managers admit
None but chaſte Ladies, in their virtuous ſet:
Beſides, if any one a ſlip hath made,
A *Title* hides it with oblivion's ſhade;
What a plain ſimple Miſtreſs would reveal,
The ſtile of Lady, always will conceal.

REASON.

Can words then alter facts?

ELEGANCE.

——————It ſurely can:
A titled Fop aſſumes the name of man:

To age a Title, delegates new youth,
And gives a lye the ſanction of a truth;
Ennobles meanneſs, ſinks the name of ſlave,
Refines uncouthneſs, and reforms the knave;
Gilds genuine dulneſs with the gloſs of wit,
Bids cowards in the chair of courage ſit;
Before each vulgar eye, thick vapours throws,
And every object thro' falſe medium ſhows;
Does with new dignity the perſon arm,
And fills the office of each mental charm.

REASON.

No wonder then ſuch miracles it acts,
To make punks honeſt, and to brow-beat facts;
For tho' the infamy is plainly prov'd,
The ſcandal is from ſilted dames remov'd;

Scar'd by the Herald's bright effulgent blaze,
It flies the Court, and on the cottage preys:
Since then a Title can ſo much beſtow,
Say, can it give *content*, or ſoften woe?

ELEGANCE.

It can't; for Titles, as the experienc'd find,
Nor cure the body, nor relieve the mind;
They calm no tumults in the anxious breaſt,
Nor give to panting hearts a moment's reſt.

REASON.

Then ſplendor makes man but a greater ſlave,
Since it gives paſſions Nature never gave;
Excites deſires, ſimplicity ne'er knows,
And forms with eaſe imaginary woes;

On shifting waves of misery those swim,
Influenc'd only by the demon Whim.

ELEGANCE.

Whim is the titled mortals' grand disease,
Who fly to dissipation still for ease:
'Twas this that first bade Pantomime arise,
'Twas this taught Fashion, Genius to despise.
Whim first design'd *Vauxhall*'s intriguing shade,
And chang'd to *public brothels rural glades*:
Whim bade fam'd *Ranelagh*'s rotundo rise,
And Attic elegance amaze the eyes.

REASON.

Surrounded with what dangers, are the Fair,
Who breathe the New Pantheon's dang'rous air!

The

The novelty, and beauty of the place,
Plann'd to ſurpriſe with artificial grace;
The charms of flatt'ry, and the charms of dreſs,
Gain female hearts, and female minds impreſs:
For *Huſbands* then, what ſafety can be found?
What Lover can eſcape a rival wound?

ELEGANCE.

Reaſon, you boaſt but inexperienc'd wit,
Rehearſe the leaſt, and greateſt things omit:
In theſe gay regions, Huſbands have no fear,
For all wou'd love their Wives who venture here.
Eternal conſtancy, eternal truth,——
Were only known, when Time was in his youth:
Romantic tales of everlaſting love
Far backward into antient times remove;

Moderns, unbluſhing at the name of ill,
Scorn every tie, but what proceeds from Will;
Reject what Law, Religion, Reaſon ſays,
And boldly act as Inclination ſways!
Think you that Horns are now diſgraceful wear?
No;—now they charm the Spouſe, they us'd to ſcare:
Nature, and Nature's laws, can ne'er preſide,
When Cuſtom gains the paſſions on her ſide:
Here Females would in vain for ſafety ſeek,
The forces are too ſtrong, the fort too weak:
Here complimentary Coxcombs, bowing Beaus,
The blaze of diamonds, and the glare of cloaths,
The pride of univerſal conqueſt boaſt,
——————
The ſweets of rivaling a Siſter Toaſt.
Muſic, that every breaſt with rapture fills,
The *private*, or the *caſual touch* that thrills;

The ſigh of love, the glance of ſtrong deſire,
Each Female with licentious thoughts inſpire;
They ſuck in *poiſon* at their eyes and ears,
Then ſwell with paſſions, and reſign their fears;
Give up to Love,—what ſtrict decorum claims,
And *martyr Modeſty* in *lawleſs flames*.

REASON.

Then many Females find out to their coſt,
While *hearts* they gain, their *reputation's* loſt.

ELEGANCE.

No, you're miſtaken, they're not loſt to Fame,
For in this place the *numbers* ſink the *ſhame*;
Should ſome foul Hottentot to England roam,
He'd give ſurpriſe which he ne'er gave at home;

No neighbour he'd with admiration ſtrike,
Since all who view'd him, would but view their like:
Thus, in this place, if any lovely Toaſt
Has a precarious reputation loſt,
No bluſh indignant is allow'd to riſe,
Since each views others with ſuſpicious eyes:
Nor can licentious ſlips attract diſdain,
At worſt, 'tis but a faſhionable ſtain.

REASON.

Are we arriv'd to ſuch flagitious times,
That Faſhion can to Virtues change our crimes?
What! do none follow *Nature*'s wholeſome Laws?
Or my juſt *rules*, that plead in *Nature*'s cauſe?

ELEGANCE.

Your rules are obſolete, and now unknown,
And Nature, for ſome time, hath loſt her throne;
Thoughtleſs of Reaſon, or of Nature's ſway,
We foreign Faſhions, native Whims obey.

REASON.

Then We, who formerly were ſiſters deem'd,
And in conjunction by the world eſteem'd,
Muſt, (but to ſpeak it, almoſt breaks my heart,)
Muſt from this moment abſolutely part.

ELEGANCE.

This gives me joy;—for you're by much too nice,
And always plague us with the *beſt advice*:

Since Whim is now the Monarch of the Great,
And Inclination Miniſter of State;
Since Diſſipation's Judge in ev'ry cauſe,
And Cupid Chancellor of intriguing laws,
The Maſter of the Ceremonies here,
Is the ſole Maſter ſuffer'd to appear;——
Hymen is baniſh'd,——*Juno* is deny'd
With all her jealouſy, and all her pride;
But lovely *Venus* freely we admit,
And God *Apollo*, with his courtly wit.
Briſk jolly *Bacchus* likewiſe is allow'd,
With his red locks, to mix among the croud:
Mars, Col'nel-faſhion'd dreſt, we ne'ver refuſe,
Nor if found ſliding, any luſcious *Muſe*;
But ſtill *Melpomene*, that whining jade,
Who only cries, becauſe ſhe's ſtill a maid,

We

We ever will deny ;—nor ſhall her tears
Diſguſt the audience,—or excite their fears.

REASON.

Then farewell *Elegance*,—I'll now retreat
To ſome warm cottage,—in a rural ſeat ;
This age is with too much refinement curſt,
It muſt reform ;—for *now* it's at the *worſt*.

We ever will deny;—nor shall her tears
Disgust the audience,—or excite their fears.

REASON.

Then farewell Elegance,—I'll now retreat
To some warm cottage,—in a rural seat;
This age is with too much refinement curst,
It must reform;—for now it's at the worst.

PANTHEON

PANTHEON EPISTLES;

OR, THE MODERN ART OF

POLITE LETTER-WRITING.

If to her ſhare ſome female Follies fall,
Look on her Face, and you'll forget them all.

POPE.

An Epiſtle, in the modern Taſte, from the Earl of M******** *to his Counteſs, requeſting her to favour him with a* Pantheon *Ticket.*

MADAM,

THESE Lines ſalute your hands from me,
And crave attention while you ſip your tea;
From Huſband, that harſh term your thoughts unbend,
And deem me only a ſubmiſſive Friend;
Who would, angelic Ma'am, at your deſire,
Kneel as your Slave, officiate as your 'Squire:
Run as your Footman,—like your Page be near,
And pay attendance on your gay career;
Hear as you hear,—perceive as you perceive,
Think as you think,—believe as you believe,

And take a pride moſt humbly to ſubmit
To your bright Charms,—and your ſuperior Wit.
Among your many gay Admirers ſtray,
Baſk in your Charms,—as in your Glances play:
Unlike your Huſbands, be it to their ſhame,
Who their Wives' follies impolitely blame;
Each ſlip, each deviating footſtep haunt,
Fire like a fool, and like a fury taunt;
But I politely uſe my charming Bride,
Nor umbrage take, nor like a blockhead, chide;
On her ſelected parties ne'er intrude,
Nor harm ſuſpect, nor be, thro' fancy, rude;
No jealouſy in any word expreſs,
Nor, like a clown, on private moments preſs:
Theſe things, dear Ma'am, undoubtedly you know,
Then pray oblige me, ſince theſe things are ſo,
With a *Pantheon* ticket; favour Spouſe,
Who gives you Freedom, nor regards his Brows.

MADAM,

I kiſs your delicate Hand,

M[illegible]

THE

Anſwer of the Counteſs of M*******

TO THE

FOREGOING EPISTLE.

MY LORD,

WHILE ſteaming odours from my cup aroſe,
I juſt glanç'd o'er your poetic proſe,
And muſt ingeniouſly confeſs you write
In all the phraſes of a man polite:
On the *bon ton* you, as a Huſband, ſhine,
And daily on the *Genteel Taſte* refine.
Huſband! What ſaid I?—I the name deteſt,
Lover I'll call you,—that will ſuit you beſt;
Severity degrades a Man—to Brute,
Conſtraint will ne'er with Female ſpirits ſuit;

For,

For, can a Female, if ſhe has a ſoul,
Submit to any Huſband's dull controul?
I'll thank you, ſince all freedoms you allow,
By making uſe of your great kindneſs now:
I muſt refuſe to grant you your requeſt,
For reaſons, which, my Dear, I know the beſt;
Adieu, conceive what cannot be expreſt.

I am, my LORD,

As far as is conſiſtent with politeneſs,

Yours to command,

M********

For,

AN

EPISTLE

Miſs J***** to Colonel L**g****d.

ENGAGING SIR,

ATTENTION I command,
And write with flatt'ring heart and trembling hand,
To ſee the *New Pantheon* I empire,
And that you'll 'ſquire me there, Sir, I require:
Dare not refuſe, or by the Charms I own,
I'll freeze your heart, and frown you to a ſtone;
But if compliance makes my frowns recoil,
Your pains I'll eaſe, and thaw you with a ſmile:

Then, with a languiſhing and melting glance,
I'll look you into an extatic trance;
And when upon the verge of bliſs you're driv'n,
I'll in ſoft murmurs ſigh you into Heav'n.

I remain, SIR,
With all imaginable delicacy,
Yours,
J*****

POSTSCRIPT.

An anſwer quick as lightning ſend,
And let me know what you intend.

EPISTLE

Colonel L"g""d to Miſs J"""", in Anſwer to the foregoing.

ATTRACTIVE MISS,

YOUR offer I embrace,
At the *Pantheon* we will pleaſures chace,
Together roam thoſe regions of delight,
And find bright day in the refulgent night:
Yet you are cruel, with thoſe Charms you own;
How could you think I'd giv eyou cauſe to frown?
No!—

No!—May eternal *Smiles* your features deck,
And Cupids revel in your lovely neck,
From me your tender look ſhall meet no check.
Rapture I'll meet with rapture, glance with glance,
Together meet, together bleſs the trance.
With eager eyes devour your wond'rous Charms,
And ſoftly ſink in ſilken pleaſure's arms;
Fond as yourſelf of Pleaſure's noble plan,
Angelic Miſs, I'll meet you like a Man.

I am, divine NYMPH,
With the moſt obſequious reſpect,
Your fervent and palpitating
Humble Slave,
YOUR

AN EPISTLE

FROM A

London LADY on the *Bon Ton*

TO AN

Unfashionable LADY in the COUNTRY.

WHILE you in shades and fields your time employ,
Lost to refin'd and fashionable joy,
To the superb *Pantheon* I repair,
And feast my eyes with grandeur and with glare.

By Muſic I'm charm'd,
By Dancing I'm warm'd,
By Flatt'ry delighted,
My Paſſions, by luſcious rich wines, are excited:

Then a ſqueeze by the hand,
Which I well underſtand,
And a ſenſible glance of the eyes;
Overpowers my ſoul
With Rapture's controll,
And heaves up my boſom with ſighs:

Then, influenc'd by deſire of bliſs,
I retire,
To expire,
With all the ſoft thrill of a kiſs!
There's my Lord *Ladydangle*,
Whom diamonds beſpangle,
How brilliant, how glorious the ſight;

With the Earl of *Leermuch*,
Whoſe delicate touch,
Beſtows on each Female delight.

To pleaſe the Ladies, can Lord *Sturdy* fail,
Who boaſts a monſtrous Maccaroni Tail,
Which muſt, of courſe, o'er Female heart prevail?
Maccaronis' are the faſhion,
Maccaronis' all my paſſion,
No Lady ſhould ought elſe admire:
It's the polite tone—a,
To adore Maccaroni,
Maccaronis' ſtill make me expire.

Our head-dreſs is likewiſe ſo high,
That to court us, Men look to the ſky;
So we may with propriety claim,
At our option, a Goddeſs' name.

As you're fond of the country,—for you,
Diana exactly will do;
But Venus, bright Venus, for me:
With her Beauty and Coquetry,
With her Dimples and Smiles,
Her Intriguing and Wiles,
And the Method by which she beguiles,
And catches each Male in her Toils.

Know likewise, my Dear,
No Whores must come here,
Unless by a Title bedeck't,
For Titles are view'd with respect:
And a Coronet sanction bestows,
And follies hides,
Which would otherwise expose.

In this celestial place,
Satire dares not shew his face;

No

No Ticket to admit him in,
He grins at distance with chagrin.
Then haste to Town, my Friend, my Dear,
And Paradise you'll see;
You'll find immortal pleasure here,
Which in *rural fields* can never be.

I am, dear FRIEND,

With the most violent attachment,
As far as politeness permits,
Your sincere Friend,
And humble Servt.

11 : 7 : 49

FINIS.

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